& presently like a statue in a street: wch,
(hem) set clanking with their fetters
falling cord: ready Fly paper: tardy
caveys at fiction, faint & Labour pains
makings at Rudmesh — & my word, the NYPL
like Quakers in the village Schoolroom
at home and Camp, (as they mostly
smell) brought the blood to my head —
a natural rosy hoarse orator — making
& whats been my crime towards
you? Merely existing? merely
breathing — the horrible air!
Oh what a tyrannous heart ye
have to smite me a pulp as fog!
You'd have laughed to see me leading on
5 clerks at a gallop across the Sqre
& mounting a bed, so as to cheer
the dulcal couple — just in time —
part they came — & the formed me a
Ken. to there. More
than ye dr

Rota 2-4-43

52 L.S. Wednesday 13 Nov 1935

Oh my God! what a fraud! Here, the one thing I wanted - to go to Kings Bench tomorrow & this infernata Election has put a stone in my otherwise so perfect rolling wheel. I must go with L- to Brighton - he says, (& then I feel you'll understand) "I shall should be dull without you." Isn't that a compliment? And there I shall be, knocking in & out of the Pavilion, up & down the Pier, instead of seeing the magnificent opening of Ethel Lumpenbury Birch's Justice.

Ottoline has just gone. I feel like an old Pandora handing bouquets from lover to lover. She says I'm a trump: a great card; a magnificent Sybil woman: one of Shakespeare's — I forget what — whores I daresay. And now I must get 'em all

ah m a war the other day: I hurt some red blood
into that lily livered man. I went to his
play last night: came away as if I'd been
rolling in the ash heap: & somehow
filled my mouth with the bran of a dreary
Cut shown there by a workhouse drab.
But I'm dazed with talk: I were struck for
my sense of being unfairly treated by the
Laws — ah other days I could have you — moved
Share you this Scrawl.
Will: back on Monday. Let me know
all about it: & for Heaven's sake keep
yourself alive: I want in a world where
need sanity & substance: not the pulsing
of frenetick American eunuchs: though I
love him in my own spasmodic fashion.
Ottoline says you're ideal or great
& noble nature — (There are very
nearly two swear words: I'm too sleepy
either to lie or to write)

[illegible]

NYPL
Robt. L. G. 63

No, my cultured Mrs Murder was a
violent shrew, not to be trifled with as
regards cultivation. Shaw's
violent shaws
are always
just quite sane.
The fact is
that it
is not far
each from well
them
made:
Canterbury
the
human
body:
only
a
dilemma

Monks Horton Saturday
16 Nov
1935

I was very glad of the telegram, - glad Jenin
Scotched that viper, though I don't suppose
it'll do you any good - the majesty of the
Law. Who got your article back?
or had he sold them & forgotten whom!
Ashw. I carried my lot; not merely
that I missed the light (one day last week
I walked in a flat though a dark car
for the sake of the sight) but it was almost
what they call a washout my coming
to Patcham, & blessing the insurance
agent who was running the Labour
candidate with my stick I had to
drive voters for 3 hours in a downpour,
so I tooled back & Rodmell: had to
stand in the rain waiting for buses,

No, my children. The Murder was a
verdict of Guilty, not to be broken on
Tuesday 12th. Thursday Sentence deferred
pending application. Thursday Slave
not last Slave
are always
just suffered.
The truth is
the fact for
ach well
than I:
dear:
Can-
marry
the
human
body:
only
a
Soliloquy

Monks Horton Saturday 16 Nov 1935

I was very glad of the telegram, - glad you in
Scotched that viper, though I dont suppose
it'll do you any good - the majesty of the
Law. Do you get your article back?
or had he sold them & forgotten where!
Ashw. I carried my lot; not merely
that I missed the light (one day last week
I walked in & sat through a dull case
for the sake of the light) but it was almost
what they call a workout my Conway
to Patcham, & blessing the insurance
agent who was running the Labour
candidate with my stick I had to
drive voter for 3 hours in a downpour,
so I tooled back to Rodmell: had to
stand in the rain waiting for buses,

took two & half hours coming back, & so spent
yesterday with a headache - But it's Easter, two
getting those odd glimpses of people I NYPL
never meet nor can write: a very good for my
conceit & ignorance to have to pass the time of
day with Mr Jean the postman, & Hardcock the
Quaker - Poor watch! After slaving for a month,
making only £20 or, he's 10,000 volts behind
Loder. Harold's in — how extraordinary! what a
tribute to a good heart & the utter clean manner!
I admire his gameness. Out of the diplomacy into
which he is going & so to make an omelette - Victor
took me a dear loving kind letter asking to come to
lunch & saying she had 5 years of talk to have
with me about her book. I know — since Jean
so Stewart — Jan never said a word to her of
any complaint of mine. I'm forging daringly to
dinner as I write; & have just turned them
delicately with the holder of this pen. Nancy
left the spoon in the kitchen. Then we dine off
Chicken & Oatcake: L. makes a brew of coffee; &
so to bed rather to read a whole wall of
Manuscript (Ger.) when sorry
not to see you too in
that becoming hyper

V.

Rota 2.4.63

52 Z S.

Tuesday 3rd Dec 1935

Haven't I been good in rejecting the furies of literary composition? Silence has dropped its mantle between us; & thats the greatest homage I can pay you. As a matter of fact though I did write, & was interrupted, & so sickened of the faded sheet, & thereupon invented this theory to justify myself. & became so enamoured of my image of the mantle of silence that I inherited to my own pen. What a thing this to be a writer — to be so suggestible by one's own words that all one's interests lie flat at their command, like sheep under a cloud: a fact which I think I've observed in the marshes at Rodmell. But no one respects my furies as composition. I swear to finish this incredibly tough old

serpent – a serpent without any of the charm of this
Nile, only with all the toughness of what is
Evil & perennial – by Christmas; & to make
them out of the question ask my friends give NYPL
letter of introduction to all their friends; I cant
get rid of them – Cards, deeply black edged, are
handed in. Well I see to do? No, I say:
whereupon the door is thrust open, & there are
In. & Mrs Gillet, ... on top of Tom Eliot,
who was just saying how much he admired you,
& why had I never asked you to meet him, & this
dull unbecoming Bostonian lady.
So my book decays when me like the body of this
adulators. Next week by the way I have to
break all my rule, lunch with Clive to meet the
Lady he calls floreously Mme de Polignac, & I
call brunie finger. Shall I like? – Shall I,
Shant? God knows why I should be
introduced to anyone. Then Vita came; &
I'll be damned to hear that high my
love she character, so modest so magnanimous
remain unimpaired, I cant readily forgive her
for growing so large: with such tomato cheeks &

Rota 2. 4. 63

thick black moustache— Surely that wasn't necessary: & the devil is in it that's up her eyes that were the beaming beauty I first loved her for. & altogether reduce her (to look at) to the semblance of any low hunting turnip stalking country lady. Just mind them— she could turn a phrase; only whip a dog; but the remains, in a way, to me always modesty & gentleness no longer mCarnali, but as it were hovering above her, in a nimbus. She seemed gloomy about Juvenis: but was communicating on that head an formal.

So paddys. But won't you praise me for respecting the cloak of silence?

V.

Now I am going to Romeo & Juliet. Do you think he could love Juliet as he even the Rosaline? Dont Shakespeare spoil his psychology on account of the play?

Dec 5. 35

Monday

But what can have happened?
L. posted that letter with his
own hands about 6 / thd. day
2 nights ago — just before you
rang up. I'm slightly anxious,
remembering that it was
rash & hasty, & said some wild
things — thinking I may have
sent it to the wrong person.
So let me have a card, if you
would. No doubt only
the beginning of the
Christmas curse: crowded posts.

V.